



# The boring life of Alison Witcherson



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## Chapter 1 by Ilia Temelkov

It was 9 am. Again. Her shiny phone was ringing and moving around with inaudible buzz, while she was being kicked out of her sweet snooze dream by the thumping on the door.

- Wake up, sleepy bitch - yelled Terry on the other side of the door - you'll be late again.

- I don't want! - yelled backed Alison with a note of her usual morning despair. - I just want to stay here.

- No way, lazy girl, today we have to be on time, don't you remember?

Terry was already inside, when Alison dug herself out of her sheets and pillows and stopped the disastrous sounds of zombie apocalypse, that were supposed to wake her up.

- I'm sorry, but I obviously forgot. What's the oh-so-thrilling reason to live today? Oh, is that coffee for me? - she lightened a little.

- You're welcome. It's Bob's birthday and I'm supposed to throw a party, and you promised to help me with it.

- But I did my part already - protested Alison - you've got all the drinks and junk food you'll need and I even packed his present. Let me have a happy Saturday, please.

- Look, I know you don't like him, but that's my boyfriend and I really want you to support me in my rela...

- Wait, wait, wait. Stop it. Do whatever you want with this little bastard. I just don't want to meet him.

Alison was despaired and mad at the same time. She didn't have any explanation why there were people who she didn't like in the way she didn't like her best friend's boyfriend, but that was happening pretty often. That gut feeling of rage, fear and sadness activated even by

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